

Newport Mercury.

The Newport Ice Co. who was ordered to transfer their ice cutting from the side pond to the east side of the pond, have been making the best use of the cold snap in rushing Newport as much ice daily as possible. Thirty teams were employed the last day in cutting.

Cy Whittaker's Place

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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CHAPTER XIX.

"ANT, hey!" queried Cyrus of the congressman. "You wouldn't be popular at our perfect boarding house back home. There they serve Heman hot for breakfast and dinner and warm him over for supper. All right; I can wait."

The conversation wandered from Buenos Aires to Frisco and back again until the cigars and coffee were reached. Then the congressman blew a fragrant ring into the air and from behind it looked quizzically at his companion.

"Well," he observed, "so far as that appropriation of yours is concerned"—He paused and blew a second ring. "Captain Cy stroked his beard."

"Um—yes!" he drawled. "Now that you mention it seems to me there was some talk of an appropriation."

Mr. Everdeen laughed. "I've been making inquiries," he said. "I saw the chairman of the committee on the pork bill. I know him well. He's a good fellow, but—"

"Yes, I know. I've seen lots of politicians like that. They're all good fellows, but— If I was in politics I'd make a law to cut 'em out of the dictionary."

"Well, this chap really is a good fellow. I asked about the \$30,000 for your town. He asked me why I didn't go to the congressman from that district and not bother him about it. I said perhaps I would go to the congressman later, but I came to him first."

"Sartin. Same as the feller with a sick mother-in-law stopped in at the undertaker's on his way to call the doctor. All right; leave ahead."

"Well, we had a rather long conversation. I discovered that the Bayport item was originally included in the bill, but recently had been stricken out."

"Yes, I see. Uncle Sam had to economize, hey—save something for a rainy day?"

"Well, possibly. Still, the bill is just as heavy. Now, Captain Whittaker, I don't know anything about this affair, and it's not my business, but I've been about today, and I asked questions, and—I'm going to tell you a fairy tale. It isn't as interesting as your sea yarns, but— Do you like fairy stories?"

"Land, yes! Tell a few myself when I'm necessary. Sometimes I almost believe 'em. Well?"

"Of course you must remember this is a fairy story. Let's suppose that once on a time—that's the way they always begin—once on a time there was a great man, great in his own country, who was sent abroad by his people to represent them among the rulers of the land, so in order to typicallly represent them he dressed in glad and expensive raiment, went about in dignity and—"

"And whiskers. Don't leave out the whiskers."

"All right—and whiskers. And it came to pass that the people whom he represented wished to—er—bring about a certain needed improvement in their—their beautiful and enterprising community."

"Sho, sho! How natural that sounds! You must be a mind reader."

"No, but I have to make speeches in my own community occasionally. Well, the people asked their great man to get the money needed for this improvement from the rulers of the land aforementioned. And he was at first all enthusiasm, and upon the parchment scroll where such matters are inscribed were written the name of the beautiful and enterprising community and the sum of money it asked for, and the deal was as good as made. Excuse the modern phraseology. My fairy lingo got mixed there."

"Never mind. I can get the drift just as well—maybe better."

"And the deal was as good as made. But before the vote was taken another chap came to the great man and said: 'Look here! I want to get an appropriation of, say, \$50,000 to deepen and improve a river down in my state—a southern state we'll say—I've been to the chairman of the pork bill committee, and he says it's impossible. The bill simply can't be landed any further. But I find that you have an item in there for deepening and improving a harbor back in your own district. Why don't you cut that item out—shove it over until next year? You can easily find a satisfactory explanation for your constituents. And you want to remember this: The improvement of this river means that the—well, a certain sugar growing company can get their stuff to market at a figure which will send its stock up and up. And you are said to own a considerable amount of that stock. So why not drop the harbor item and substitute my river slice? Then— Well, I guess that's the end of the tale."

He paused and relit his cigar. Captain Cy thoughtfully marked with his fork on the tablecloth.

"Hum!" he grunted. "That's a very interesting yarn. Yes, yes; don't know I ever heard a more interesting one. I presume likely there ain't a mite of proof that it's true?"

"Not an atom. I told you it was a fairy tale. And I mustn't be quoted in the matter. Honestly, the most of it is guesswork at that. But perhaps a 'committee of one' dropping a hint at home might at least arouse some uncomfortable questioning of a certain great man. That's about all, though. Proof is quite another thing."

aware that the unpopularity of the "committee" would nullify whatever good his hinting might do.

"Humph!" he grunted again. "It's one thing to smell a rat and another to nail its tail to the floor. But I'm mighty obliged to you, all the same. And I'll think it over hard. Say, I can see one thing—you don't take a very big shine to Heman yourself?"

"Not too big, no. Do you?"

"Well, I don't wake up nights and cry for him."

Everdeen laughed. "That's characteristic," he said. "You have your own way of putting things, captain, and it's hard to be improved on. Atkins has never done anything to me. I just—I just don't like him, that's all. Father never liked him either in the old days, and yet, and it's odd, too, he was the means of the old gentleman's making the most of his money."

"He? Who? Not Heman?"

"Yes, Heman Atkins. But so far as that goes, father started him toward wealth, I suppose. At least he was poor enough before the mine was sold."

"What are you talkin' about? Heman got his start tradin' over in the south seas, sellin' the Kanakas glass beads and calico for pearls and copra—two cupfuls of pearls for every bead. Anyhow, that's the way the yarn goes."

"I can't help that. He was just a common sailor who had run away from his ship and was gold mining in Cail fornia. And when he and his partner struck, it rich father borrowed money, headed a company and bought them out. That mine was the Excelsior, and it's just as productive today as it ever was. I rather think Atkins must be very sorry, he said. I suppose, by right, I should be very grateful to your distinguished representative."

"Well, I do declare! Sho, sho! Ain't that funny, now? He's never said a word about it at home. I don't believe there's a soul in Bayport knows that. We all thought 'twas south sea tradin' that boosted Heman. And your own dad! I declare, this is a small world!"

"It's odd father never told you about it. It's one of the old gentleman's pet stories. He came west in 1850 and was running a little shipping store in Frisco. He met Atkins and the other young sailor, his partner, before they left their ship. They were in the store, buying various things, and father got to know them pretty well. Then they ran away to the diggings—you simply couldn't keep a crew in those times—and he didn't see them again for a good while. Then they came in one day and showed him specimens from a claim they had back in the mountains. They were mighty good specimens, and what they said about the claim convinced father that they had a valuable property. So he went to see a few well-to-do friends of his, and the outcome was that a party was made up to go and inspect. The young fellows were willing to sell out, for it was a quartz working, and they hadn't the money to carry it on."

"The inspection showed that the claim was likely to be even better than they thought, so after some bargaining, the deal was completed. They sold out for \$75,000, and it was the best trade father ever made. He's so proud of this affair and foresight in making it that I wonder he never told you the story."

"He never did. When was this?"

"In '64. What?"

"I didn't speak. The date seemed kind of familiar to me, that's all. Seems as if I heard it recent, but I can't remember when. Seventy-five thousand, hey? Well, that wasn't so bad, was it? With that for a nest egg, no wonder Heman managed to hatch a pretty respectable brood of dollars."

"Oh, the whole seventy-five wasn't his, of course. Half belonged to his partner. But the poor devil didn't live to enjoy it. After the articles were signed and before the money was paid over he was taken sick with a fever and died."

"Hey? He did? With a fever?"

"Yes, but he left a pretty good legacy to his heirs, didn't he? For a common sailor or second mate—I believe that's what he was—\$37,500 is doing well. It must have come as a big surprise to them. The whole sum was paid to Atkins, who— What's the matter with you?"

Captain Cy was leaning back in his chair. He was as white as the tablecloth.

"Are you ill?" asked the congressman anxiously. "Take some water. Shall I call?"

The captain waved his hand.

"No, no!" he stammered. "No! I'm all right. Do you—for the Lord's sake tell me this! What was the name of this partner that died?"

Mr. Everdeen looked curiously at his friend before he answered.

"Sure you're not sick?" he asked. "Well, all right. The partner's name? Why, I've heard it often enough. It's on the deed of sale that father has framed in his room at home. The old gentleman is as proud of that as anything in the house. The name was—"

"For God sake," cried Captain Cy, "don't say 'twas John Thayer, 'cause if you do I shan't believe it."

"That's what it was—John Thayer. How did you guess? Did you know him? I remember now that he was another down easter, like Atkins."

The captain did not answer. He clasped his forehead with both hands and leaned his elbows on the table. Everdeen was plainly alarmed.

"I'm going to call a doctor," he began, rising. But Captain Cy waved him back again.

"Set still!" he ordered. "Set still, I tell you! You say the whole seventy-five thousand was paid to Heman, but that John Thayer signed the bill of sale after he died as half partner and your dad got the original deed and—and he remembers the whole business?"

"Yes, he's got the deed framed. It's on record, too, of course. Remember? I should say he did! He'll talk for a week on that subject if you give him a chance."

The captain sprang to his feet. His chair tipped backward and fell to the

floor. An onlooker's waiter ran to right it, but Captain Cy paid no attention to him.

"Where's my coat?" he demanded.

"Where's my coat and hat?"

"What ails you?" asked Everdeen.

"Are you going crazy?"

"Gold crazy? No, no! I'm going to California. When's the next train?"

CHAPTER XX.

THE Hon. Heman Atkins sat in the library of his Washington home before a snapping log fire reading a letter. Mr. Atkins had, as he would have expressed it, "served his people" in congress, for so many years that he had long since passed the hotel stage of living at the capital. He resided in a furnished house on an eminently respectable street, and the polished doorman bore his name in uncompromising characters.

The library furniture was solid and dignified. Its businesslike appearance impressed the stray excursionist from the Atkins district when he or she visited the great man in whose affairs we felt such a personal interest. Particularly impressive and significant were a map of the district hanging over the congressman's desk and an oil painting of the Atkins mansion at Bayport, which, with the iron dogs and urns conspicuous in its foreground, occupied the middle of the largest wall space.

The cheery fire was very comforting on a night like this, for the street was driving against the windpanes, the sidewalks were ankle deep in slush, and the wet, cold wind from the Potomac was whistling down the street. Somewhere about the house an unfashioned shutter slammed in the gusts.

Mr. Atkins should have been extremely comfortable as he sat there by the fire. He had spent many comfortable winters in that room. But now there was a frown on his face as he read the letter in his hand. It was from Simpson and stated, among other things, that Cyrus Whittaker had been absent from Bayport for over two weeks and that no one seemed to know where he had gone. "The idea seems to be that he started for Washington," wrote Tad, "but if that is so it is queer you haven't seen him. I am suspicious that he is up to something about that harbor business. I should keep my eye peeled if I was you."

Aliecia, the Atkins' hopeful, rustled into the room.

"Papa," she said, "I've come to kiss you good night."

Her father performed the ceremony in a perfunctory way.

"All right, all right," he said. "Now run along to bed and don't bother me; there's a good girl. I wish," he added testily to the housekeeper, who had followed Aliecia into the room—"I wish you'd see to that loose blind. It makes me nervous. Such things as that should be attended to without specific orders from me."

The housekeeper promised to attend to the blind. She and the girl left the library. Heman reread the Simpson letter. Then he dropped it in his lap and sat thinking and twirling his eyeglasses at the end of their black cord. His thoughts seemed to be not of the pleasantest. The lines about his mouth had deepened during the last few months. He looked older.

The telephone bell rang sharply. Mr. Atkins came out of his reverie with a start, arose and walked across the room to the wall where the instrument hung. It was before the days of the convenient desk phone. He took the receiver from its hook and spoke into the transmitter.

"Hello!" he said. "Hello! Yes, yes! Stop ringing. What is it?"

The wire buzzed and putted in the storm. "Hello!" said a voice. "Hello, there! Is this Mr. Atkins' house?"

"Yes; it is. What do you want?"

"Hey? Is this where the Hon. Heman Atkins lives?"

"Yes, yes, I tell you. This is Mr. Atkins speaking. What do you want?"

"Oh! Is that you, Heman? This is Whittaker—Cy Whittaker. Understand?"

Mr. Atkins understood. Yet for an instant he did not reply. He had been thinking as he sat by the fire of certain persons and certain ugly though remote possibilities. Now, from a mysterious somewhere, one of those persons was speaking to him. The hand holding the receiver shook momentarily.

"Hello! I say, Heman, do you understand? This is Whittaker talkin'!"

"I—er—understand," said the congressman slowly. "Well, sir?"

"I'm here in Washington."

"I have been informed that you were in the city. Well, sir?"

"Oh, knew I was here, did you? Is that so? Who told you? Tad wrote, I suppose, hey?"

The congressman did not reply immediately. This man, whom he disliked more than any one else in the world, had an irritating faculty of putting his finger on the truth. And the slipperiness in the tone was maddening.

Mr. Atkins was not used to slipperiness.

"I believe I am not called upon to disclose my source of information," he said, with chilling dignity. "It appears to have been trustworthy. I presume you have phoned me concerning the appropriation matter. I do not recognize your right to intrude in that affair, and I shall decline to discuss it. Yes, sir; to my people, to those who have a right to question, I am and shall always be willing to explain my position. Good night."

"What! Hello! Hold on a minute. Don't get mad, Heman. I only wanted to say just a word. You'll let me say a word, won't you?"

This was more like it. This was more nearly the tone to which Mr. Atkins was wont to be addressed. It was possible that the man, recognizing the uselessness of further opposition, desired to surrender.

"I cannot," declared the honorable, "understand why you should wish to speak with me. We have very little in common, very little, I'm thankful to say. However, I will hear you briefly. Go on."

"Much obliged. Well, Heman, I only wanted to say that I thought maybe you'd better have a little talk with me. I'm here at the hotel, the Regent. You know where 'tis, I pre-

sume likely. I guess you'd better come right down and see me."

Heman gasped, actually gasped with astonishment.

"I had better come and see you? I—Well, sir—well! I am not accustomed—"

"I know, but I think you'd better. It's dirty weather, and I've got cold somehow or other. I ain't feelin' quite up to the mark, so I cal'late I'll stay in port much as I can. You come right down. I'll be in my room, and the hotel folks 'll tell you where 'tis. I'll be waitin' for you."

Mr. Atkins breathed hard. In his present frame of mind he would have liked to deliver a blast into that trans-

mission which would cause the person at the other end of the line to shrivel under its heat. But he was a politician of long training, and he knew that such blasts were sometimes expensive treats. It might be well to hear what his enemy had to say. But as to going to see him—that was out of the question.

"I do not," he thundered—"I do not care to continue this conversation. If—if you wish to see me, after what has taken place between us, I am willing, in spite of personal repugnance, to grant you a brief interview. My servants will admit you here at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning. But I tell you now that your interference with this appropriation matter is as useless as it is ridiculous and impudent. It is of a piece with the rest of your conduct."

"All right, Heman, all right," was the calm answer. "I don't say you've got to come. I only say I guess you'd better. I'm goin' back to Bayport tomorrow early. And if I was you I'd come and see me tonight."

"I have no wish to see you, nor do I care to talk with you further. That appropriation—"

"Maybe it ain't all appropriation."

"Then I cannot understand—"

"I know, but I understand. I've come to understand considerable many things in the last fortnight. There! I can't holler into this machine any longer. I've been clear out to Frisco and back in eleven days, and I got cold in those blessed sleepin' cars. I got—"

The receiver fell from the congressman's hand. It was a difficult object to pick up again. Heman groped for it in a blind, strangely inadequate way. Yet he wished to recover it very much.

"Wait! Wait!" he shouted anxiously. "I—I—dropped the—Are you there, Whittaker? Are you—Oh, yes! I didn't—Did you say—er—Frisco?"

"Yes, San Francisco, California. I've been west on a little cruise. Had an interestin' time. It's an interestin' place. Don't you think so? Well, I'm sorry you can't come. Good night."

"Wait! Wait! The great man. I—I—let me think. Cyrus. I do not wish to seem—er—arrogant in this matter. It is not usual for me to visit my constituents, but—but—I have no engagement this evening, and you are not well, and—Hello! Are you there? Hello! Why, under the circumstances, I think—Yes, I will come. I'll come—er—at once."

The telephone enables one to procure a cab in a short time. Yet to Heman Atkins that cab was years in coming. He paced the library floor, his hand to his forehead and his brain whirling. It couldn't be! It must be a coincidence! He had been an idiot to display his agitation and surrender so weakly. And yet—and yet—

The ride through the storm to the Regent hotel gave him opportunity for more thought. But he gained little comfort from thinking. If it was a coincidence, well and good. If not—

A bellboy conducted him to the Whittaker room "on the saloon deck."

It was a small room, very different from the Atkins library, and Captain Cy, in a cane seated chair, was huddled close to the steam radiator. He looked far from well.

"Evenin', Heman," he said as the congressman entered. "Pretty dirty night, ain't it? What we'd call a gray no-theater back home. Sit down. Don't mind my not gettin' up. This heatin' arrangement feels mighty comfortable just now. If I get too far away from it I shiver my deck planks loose. Take off your things."

Mr. Atkins did not remove his overcoat. His hat he tossed on the bed. He glanced fearfully at his companion. The latter's greeting had been so casual and everyday that he took courage. And the captain looked anything but formidable as he hugged the radiator. Perhaps things were not so bad as he had feared. He resolved not to seem alarmed, at all events.

"Have a cigar, Heman?" said Captain Cy. "No? Well, all right; I will if you don't mind."

He lit the cigar. The congressman cleared his throat.

"Cyrus," he said. "I am not accustomed to run at the beck and call of my—er—acquaintances, but even though we have disagreed of late, even though to me your conduct seems quite unjustifiable, still for the sake of our boyhood friendship and because you are not well—I—er—came."

Captain Cy coughed spasmodically, a cough that seemed to be tearing him to pieces. He looked at his cigar re-

grettfully and laid it on the top of the radiator.

"Too bad," he observed. "Tobacco generally lies up my talkin' machinery, but just now it seems to make me bark like a ship's dog shut up in the hold. Why, yes, Heman, I see you've come. Much obliged to you."

This politeness was still more encouraging. Atkins leaned back in his chair and crossed his legs.

"I presume," he said, "that you wish to ask concerning the appropriation. I regret—"

"You needn't. I guess we'll get the appropriation."

Heman's countenance vanished. He leaned forward and uncrossed his legs.

"Indeed?" he said slowly, his eyes fixed on the captain's placid face.

"Yes—indeed."

"Whittaker, what are you talking about? Do you suppose that I have been the representative of my people in congress all these years without knowing whereof I speak? They left the matter in my hands, and your interference—"

"I ain't goin' to interfere. I'm goin' to leave it in your hands too. And I cal'late you'll be able to find a way to get it. Um—hum, I guess likely you will."

The visitor rose to his feet. The time had come for another blast from Olympus. He raised the mighty right arm. But Captain Cy spoke first.

"Sit down, Heman," said the captain quietly. "Sit down. This ain't town meetin'. Never mind the appropriation now. There's other matters to be talked about first. Sit down, I tell you."

Mr. Atkins was purple in the face, but he sat down. The captain coughed again. "Heman," he began when the spasm was over, "I asked you to come here tonight for—well, blessed if I know exactly. It didn't make much difference to me whether you came or not."

"Then, sir, I must say that of all the impudent—"

"S-h-h-h, for the land sakes! Speech-makin' must be as bad as the rum habit when a feller's got it chronic as you have. No; it didn't make much difference to me whether you came or not. But, honest, you've got to be a kind of Bunker Hill monument to the folks back home. They kneel down at your foundations and look up at you and tell each other how many foot high you are and what it cost to build you and how you stand for patriotism and purity till—well, I couldn't see you tumble down without givin' you a chance to explain—I couldn't. 'Twould be like blowin' up a church."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE purple had left Congressman Atkins' face, but the speechmaking habit is not likely to be broken.

"Cyrus Whittaker," he stammered, "have you been drinkin'? Your language to me is abominable. Why I permit myself to remain here and listen to such—"

"If you'll keep still I'll tell you why. And if I was you I wouldn't be too anxious to find out. This everlasting cold don't make me over and above good tempered, and when I think of what you've done to that little girl, or what you tried to do, I have to hold myself down tight—tight—and don't you forget it! Now you keep quiet and listen. It'll be best for you, Heman. Your cards ain't under the table any longer. I've seen your hand, and I know why you've been playin' it. I know the whole game. I've been west, and Everdeen and I have had a talk."

Mr. Atkins had again risen from the chair. Now he fell heavily back into it. His lips moved as if he meant to speak, but he did not. At the mention of the Everdeen name he made a queer choking sound in his throat.

"I know the whole business, Heman," went on the captain. "I know why you was so knocked over when you learned who Bos's was the night of the party. I know why you took up with that blackguard Thomas and why you're spent your good money hirin' lawyers for him. I know about the mine. I know the whole thing from first to last. Shall I tell you? Do you want to hear it?"

The great man did not answer. A drop of perspiration shone on his high forehead, and the veins of his big white hands stood out as he clenched the arms of his chair. The monument was tottering on its base.

"It's a dirty mess, the whole of it," continued Captain Cy. "And yet I can see—I suppose I can see—some excuse for you at the beginnin'. When old man Everdeen and his crowd bought you and John Thayer out way back there in '54, after John died, and all the money was put into your hands I cal'late you was honest then. I wouldn't wonder if you meant to hand over the \$37,500 to your partner's widow. But 'twas harder and more risky to send money east in them days than 'tis now, and so you waited, thinkin' maybe that you'd fetch it to Emily when you come yourself. But you didn't come home for some years; you went tradin' down along the Feejees and around that way. That's how I reasoned it out these last few days on the train. I give you credit for bein' honest first along."

"But never mind whether you was or not—you haven't been since. You never paid over a cent of that poor feller's money—honest money, that belonged to his heirs and belongs to 'em now. You've hung on to it stole it, used it for yours. And Emily worked and scratched for a livin' and died poor. And Mary, she died after bein' abused and deserted by that cussed husband of hers. And you thought you was safe. I cal'late. And then Bos'n turns up right in your own town, right across the road from you. By the big dipper, it's enough to make a feller believe that the Almighty does take a hand in straightenin' out such 'things when us humans bungle 'em. It is so!"

"Course I ain't sure, Heman, what you meant to do when you found that the child you'd stole that money from was goin' to be under your face and eyes till you or she died. I cal'late you was afraid I'd find somethin' out."

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Saturday, March 4, 1911.

Among those who have desired an extra session are prudent Democrats of long political experience.

Gov. Harmon has already established campaign headquarters for 1912. It is evident that the governor does not intend to be left at the post.

It is suggested that progressive Republicanism is a redundant term. What other party in history ever accomplished as much in wiping out old wrongs and in blazing new and better roads? It does not appear that the tax bills are going to have altogether smooth sailing in the General Assembly. At the public hearing on the matter this week very strong arguments were advanced against them. Newport is vitally interested in this matter.

Canadian Senate has adjourned until March 8, thus making it impossible for the subject of reciprocity with United States to be disposed of by Parliament during the life of the present Congress. Canadians assume that Congress will not approve agreement at the present session.

Practically \$700,000 was spent in the city of Chicago in securing the nomination of two candidates for Mayor under the new direct primary law. Fine! The cause of reform seems to be doing great work, and never mind the cost if it masquerades under the head of reform.

It is said that as a result of adverse rate decisions Boston & Albany Railroad has begun a retrenchment campaign by discharging 19 engineers and stopping all work of construction now under way. It is believed that New York Central sent similar instructions to all its subsidiaries.

Approval by Congress of the river and harbor bill means that the project to establish at Montauk Point a great deep water harbor for the accommodation of ocean steamers will soon get under way. The essential point is that the government survey will make Montauk Point a harbor of entry.

President Taft has not abandoned his fight to get an increased revenue from the great advertising magazines, although he has given up all expectation of getting his bill passed by the present Congress. The bill will probably be passed some time.

The Providence neighborhood is again confronted with a serious and steadily crime that is still awaiting solution. The reckless shooting of a street car conductor for the sake of \$10 has been divided among three men in an offense that has stirred up the State pretty thoroughly. Within the past couple of years many crimes of violence have been committed in some of the outlying towns, and the culprits have not always been captured. Three crimes have generally been committed with a total disregard for the value of human life.

The complications that have arisen during the closing days of the session of Congress have brought about some peculiar and unusual conditions. Party lines have assumed peculiar aspects and the two great parties have to some extent swapped sides. Whether or not the appropriation bills will get through in the few hours that remain before Congress must die is a mighty interesting question. Matters of less importance have taken precedence over the appropriations required to run the government. A special session may be required, regardless of the reciprocity bill.

Now that President Taft has found a profitable place for Representative Duncan J. McKimley of California, who was defeated in November, Mr. Sheffield and other unsuccessful Republican Representatives may feel a little more cheerful over the effects of the election.

This slur of the Providence Journal at the member of Congress from this district is entirely uncalled for, like most of their slurs at public men and communities that are located outside of Providence. Mr. Sheffield has served his constituents for the last two years faithfully and with great ability and at the same time he has done it at great pecuniary loss to himself. He is no "lame duck" that has to be supported by the government. With his large and lucrative legal practice the wonder is that he has been willing heretofore to give so much of his time to the service of the country.

New York's Inheritance Law.

A prominent New York banker writes in regard to the New York inheritance law. "There is a strong public sentiment calling for a repeal of the law. Doubtless it would never have been enacted had it not been for a political desire to strike a blow at the over rich. In doing that, they have involved thousands of small estates. I am constantly called upon by men who, having accumulated what they have thought was a moderate income for their daughters and wives, are now distressed at the possibility of its being insufficient when the inheritance taxes have been paid. I also find a disposition to adopt dangerous expedients in the way of hiding securities or making fictitious transfers."

General Assembly.

The committee of the Legislature have been very busy during the past week, giving public hearings on some of the many bills now pending. Hearings have been held every day and on some days there have been several at once. Among those of unusual importance was the hearing before the House Judiciary committee on the new taxation laws, and much opposition was manifested to the bills. There was a large attendance. The Senate committee on Judiciary also had a big hearing on Wednesday, when the temperance bill was under consideration. Mr. Thomas and others from Newport were present and spoke in favor of the bill.

A resolution has been passed in concurrence making an appropriation to pay bills of the Newport Hospital, Dr. Sherman and Dr. Sanborn for care of a Tiverton prisoner who was removed from the Newport County Jail. The resolution urging Rhode Island Senators to support the Sulloway bill for increased pensions has been passed in concurrence. A number of other matters of local importance in various parts of the State have also been disposed of this week. A bill has been introduced in the Senate providing for three year terms for the clerks of the Superior Court in the several counties.

Who is the Man?

Gov. Foss of Massachusetts predicts that a progressive Democrat will be nominated for president next year, and a Democratic paper asks: "Does he include Mr. Bryan among the number?" If Mr. Bryan is to be included the party is called upon to give reasons, for he was its nominee at the last trial, and for the third time. If he is now reckoned as not progressive enough, or too progressive, to fit an expedient use of the word, the country will want to know all about it in the campaign of 1912. Mr. Bryan's relations with the party are certainly peculiar. In his three contests he polled respectively 6,503,925, 6,568,183 and 6,409,104 votes, which is much the largest total ever received by any Democrat. Mr. Cleveland came next, in 1892, with 5,558,918. An important difference was that Mr. Cleveland won twice on less than 5,500,000 votes, and Mr. Bryan lost three times on more than 5,500,000. Mr. Parker who was tried as progressively unprogressive in 1904, received only 5,077,911.

These are unpromising figures for Democratic consideration, and suggest a large gap to be filled next year in the Democratic vote, unless the Republican cause should again, by slaying away from the polls, present that party with another "landslide." The inquiry whether Mr. Bryan is now to be classed as a progressive Democrat is timely. He has been treated as too progressive by many members of the party, and if he falls below the requirements now the matter will have to be explained before voters will be able to comprehend the situation. As a matter of fact the Republican party has been progressive ever since it was founded, while the Democratic party, outside of the partial shaking up Mr. Bryan and the Populists gave it has been Bourbonish. With a progressive Democrat recognizes the merits of protection, at least to a limited extent? Will he, following the fashion set in Congress, be merely an insurgent? Will his chief principle be to keep Mr. Bryan out of the game? Bryan's elimination, either as unprogressive or too progressive, will not be as easy as it may seem at this moment.

A Queer Request.

The last Saturday in January should be marked as a red letter day in the annals of our city. On that day after a serene and undisturbed slumber of two years, a part in the active life of the community was at last granted to the law governing the attendance of children at places of public amusement. The enforcement of this law, however, is cause not alone for gratulation, but for reflection as well. Local press commentators deplored the hardship to children in that no warning was given them of the intended action of the authorities. And what is to be said of the failure of somebody to supply a copy of the statute in question for the City Hall? For two years the chief executive of our municipality had been living in ignorance of the provisions of this important act? (Can not the Newport delegation to the General Assembly see it. It is, in future, copies of all acts affecting the government of the city of Newport be officially and promptly furnished to the Mayor and Board of Aldermen.)—Civic League Bulletin.

That is a very funny request to make. Copies of all laws passed by the General Assembly are sent by the Secretary of State to town and city authorities throughout the State, and notice of all laws pertaining to Newport is published in all the Newport papers. It is no part of the duty of the Newport members of the General Assembly to post city officers as to their duties. When the law in question was going through both branches of the General Assembly every paper in the State published full and complete notices of it.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Florence Sheedy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Sheedy of Denver, to Mr. L. Townsend Burden, Jr. Mr. Burden is well known in Newport where his parents have long owned a handsome estate on Bellevue avenue.

It is expected that Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. B. Gilbert will not be seen in Newport during the coming season as they have surrendered the lease of the cottage they have occupied for several seasons.

"You can't write poetry."
"But I've sold several poems to the magazines."
"Well, that proves what I say."**WASHINGTON MATTERS.**

Session of Congress Near Its End—Prospects of Extra Session—The Ormer Case—Notes.

Washington, D. C., March 2, 1911. (From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Less than a week of the session remains and Congress will doubtless crowd as much legislation as possible to the final Saturday, and probably move the hands of the clock backward in order to secure a few minutes more time. The President will be busy on March 4th, affixing his signature to the delayed bills. Congress is working frantically in order to finish things before twelve o'clock March 4th. Men, legislators, statesmen, making laws for the greatest nation of the world, flitter the early days of the session most frantically and then do hurry-murry work in final flying minutes. So it has been, so it is, so it will be.

Whether there will be an extra session called immediately after March 4th depends entirely upon the action of Congress on the reciprocity agreement which the President has made with the Canadian government.

Much precious time has been wasted this session on the Lorimer case, and that portion of the Senate gallery occupied the past week by impressionable ladies was a scene of fashion and of tears when Senator Lorimer pleaded his case for four hours and rehearsed his career from bootblack to the Senate and explained how his success in politics and his election to the Senate was to be ascribed to popularity won by his kindness to Jew and Gentile alike.

The Japanese war scare will not down. Representative Hubson paraded it in the House and says there will be war with that country in ten months or long before the completion of the Panama Canal. It seems that our treaty with that country of 1894 is about to expire and that the President has submitted to the Senate the text of a new treaty with Japan. Protests from California against this treaty are coming in. It appears that the exclusion clause covering the importation of Japanese coolies or laborers is omitted from the new treaty. The situation is ugly, no matter what viewpoint one may have. San Francisco, the nerve-center of the Pacific slope, is the most intensely union-labor bled city in the hemisphere, if not in the world. Two years ago it came near disrupting our peaceful relations with Japan by the exclusion of Japanese children from the schools. Now, after securing from Congress its approval of San Francisco for the International Exposition, it is foremost in alienating Japan on whom in great part the success of the Exposition will depend.

The chief agent of the army, General Allen, is disposed to make prompt use of the twenty-five thousand dollars appropriated in the army bill for the purchase of flying machines. This country has been bled European countries in the adoption of aeroplanes for military purposes. France is the leader in the art, and now has a fleet of more than thirty three hundred thoroughly trained aviators. It has appropriated one hundred million francs for improvements in military aviation. As many as seven types of aeroplanes are used in the French equipment. Besides there are hundreds of aeroplanes owned by private individuals and about the time come for military operations, the French army would be strengthened by the skilled owners of these private flying machines.

Lobbing Hen Roosts.

Boston News Bureau.

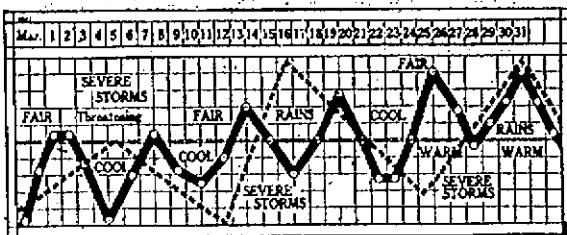
Radical legislators have been running riot in taxing inheritance since Mr. Roosevelt in 1906 advocated the employment of a high progressive inheritance tax as a means of sequestering "swollen fortunes."

In theory an inheritance tax is said to be a property tax but a tax on the right to transmit or succeed to property; a right which the state protects and therefore taxes. It is hard to find in this protection anything to justify a 25 per cent. rate.

A moderate tax, especially on collateral inheritances, is usually thought to be an inoffensive method of raising revenue. The apologists for the exorbitant progressive rates that have become so common urge that they will break up and return to the community the great fortunes that it is supposed have been acquired by illegal or extralegal means. That is the argument of the demagogue and forget that the tax is not limited to tainted fortunes.

Again it is said that property is reached that has been exempting (taxation during the lifetime of the owner. But the property that has paid its full share of taxes is reached at the same time. Most of the talk about property exempting taxation is pure bunkum. Property that escapes taxation is a rarity. Much property escapes double taxation to states, like Massachusetts, that have a personal property tax which in effect nothing more than an income tax of 30 per cent. to 40 per cent. designed to be levied almost exclusively on the property of widows and orphans. An inheritance tax is essentially a cowardly tax. The state, like a great bully, takes away from the family a portion of its property at a time when it is most needed, and at the time when the property has lost the services of its natural protector. There are few men with an income of \$10,000 a year who leave more than \$50,000 to their families. It is considered proper to seize a substantial part of this from the family that is trying to readjust itself to an income reduced to \$2500 a year or less. Lloyd George in England was at least honest when he described estates of deceased owners as convenient "hen roosts" to rob. It has become common for states to levy inheritance taxes on the property of men who never set foot within the state and never owned a dollar's worth of property physically within the state, because under our methods of corporate organization a convenient "hen roost" is provided. There used to be something said about "taxation without representation." The resentment against a tax that did not begin to be as unfair as the current inheritance taxes once found expression in certain Tea Parties. Where is the line between a tax dodger and a patriot?

The boy scout movement in Newport is progressing. The committee on nominations, consisting of Harford W. Hare Powell, Harry A. Titus and Herbert W. Lull, has sent out a large number of invitations to well known residents to join the council. The membership fee is one dollar.

WEATHER BULLETIN.

March will be warmer and drier than usual in Southern States, colder than usual and very wet in Northern States, colder than usual in Canada. Wet in Canada east of Meridian 90 and west of Rockies; dry in middle west Canada. Severe weather March 3 to 6, 18 to 20, 27 to 29. Periods of sunspots, seismic disturbances, sudden storms near March 8 and 27.

In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rain fall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above treble line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below treble line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecast. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count one or two days earlier for west of line and as much for east of it because weather features move from west to east.

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Washington, D. C., March 2, 1911.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent March 5 to 9, warm wave 4 to 8, cool wave 7 to 11. This disturbance first began near the Washington holiday and which will continue cold and stormy till after the cold wave due on meridian 90 March 10 still have passed. The sunspot period will continue to March 10. Venus, Mars, Mercury and Jupiter are all in magnetic contact with the earth and the moon, acting as a go-between, adding to forming the electric equilibrium between earth and planet. The sunspots do not cause our weather changes but are caused by the same kind of magnetic disturbances that bring our earth storms.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about March 10, cross Pacific slope by close of 11, great central valleys 12 to 14, eastern sections 15. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about March 10, great central valleys 12, eastern sections 14. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about March 12, great central valleys 15, eastern sections 17.

This disturbance will pull us out of a weather condition dominated by cold winter storms and bring to us that growth which is more favorable to the growth of vegetation and more agreeable to man and beast. A great time in temperatures will occur. The storm will be of greater force but rain will not be heavy till a little later.

Indications are that rains of March will be extremely heavy from the New England states to Kansas and Nebraska along and 250 miles north and south of latitude 39. This condition shows up exceedingly strong on my weather map for March and I am expecting excessive rains resulting in floods in the section of country mentioned, which is about 1600 miles east and west and 500 miles north and south, covering three-fourths of a million square miles. The probable location of these excessive rains seems to be such as will cause floods in the Ohio, upper Mississippi and the Missouri.

Not a New Subject.

Although alleged abnormalities, in our modern economic system have brought to the attention of statesmen and economists, the past year, questions of political and domestic economy embodied in the "high cost of living" problem, it may be some comfort to note that while the question is for us essentially a modern one, our ancestors in New England had a similar condition to deal with nearly 300 years ago, says a writer on economic subjects.

As far back as 1623, or only 15 years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, the general cost "holiden at Boston," after having reduced wages of workmen by legislative action, undertook also to regulate the cost of living, by limiting the amount of profit to be reaped by retailers. It was therefore decreed that provisions, clothing and other commodities, should not be sold above the rate of four pence a shilling more than the cost in England. In this connection a quotation from the "Records of the Colony of the Massachusetts Bay in New England" as of date Nov. 6, 1623, is interesting.

"Whereas by order of Court held in October last, the wages of workmen were reduced to a certainty, in regard of the great extortion used by diverse persons of little conscience, and the great disorder which arose through vain and idle waste of much precious time and expense of those immoderate gains in wine, strong water and other necessaries, now that the honest and moderate workmen should be wrought or discouraged by excessive prices of those commodities which are necessary for their life and comfort, we have thought it very just, and equal to set order therein. We do therefore hereby order that after public notice hereof, persons shall sell to any of the inhabitants within this jurisdiction any provisions, clothing, tools, or other commodities, above the rate of four pence a shilling more than the same cost or which might be bought for ready money in England, upon pain of forfeiting the value of the thing sold (except cheese, which in regard of the great risk in bringing, and also wine, oil, vinegar, and strong water, which, in view of leaking may be sold at such rates—provided the same be moderate—as the buyer and seller can agree.)"

And for linen and other commodities, which, because of their close storage and small hazard, may be offered at a cheap rate, we do advise all men to be a rule to themselves, in keeping a good conscience, assuring them that, if any man shall exceed the bounds of moderation, we shall punish them severely."

Wants to be Miss.

A large meeting of Swedish women in Stockholm voted on the question whether or not all women should bear the title of Mrs. Much to the surprise of all concerned, the great majority of women voted that all women, whether married or not, should be entitled to call themselves "Miss."

This is in line with the opinion often expressed that a woman's married or single state should no more be proclaimed to the world at large than a man's. If a tag must be worn, however, why not make it consistent and have a certain prefix for widows, another for divorcees and still another for the twice or thrice married?

TAFT HELPS TO CLEAR DECKS

Senate is Relieved of Magazine Postage Proposition

GOES TO SPECIAL COMMISSION

Enemies of Reciprocity Trying to Arrange For Vote on McCall Bill If They Can Secure Pledges Enough to Kill It—"Frame Up" Would Not Defer President From Calling an Extra Session of Congress

Washington, March 2.—Another jog was removed from the senatorial jam on the initiative of President Taft, when it was decided to eliminate the amendment to increase magazine postage from the postoffice appropriation bill and the delegation of magazine publishers who called upon the president assented to a proposition that the whole matter be referred to a special commission.

They did this willingly, believing that a right and impartial investigation would disclose that the low rate of postage on magazines is not responsible for the large postal deficit. This solution probably will be satisfactory to the committee, which, as a matter of fact, had already decided to withdraw the amendment, fearing that the appropriation bill would fail of passage if the administration insisted upon a right to keep it in.

The tariff board bill is now the unfinished business of the senate, in accordance with the arrangement made Tuesday evening, and will come up automatically at 1 o'clock every day until adjournment or it is acted on.

With the general strain eased a little by the agreement of Tuesday evening, reciprocity, is now the chief subject of discussion at the Capitol. The enemies of the McCall bill have been trying hard to arrange for a vote on the bill if enough votes could be secured to kill it.

Senator Griggs of North Dakota, one of the most determined opponents of the bill, is quoted as saying that the votes have been found, but this statement is by no means accepted. One of the steering committee states that the situation depends somewhat on whether the Democrats want to avoid an extra session enough to change their general attitude and vote against the bill.

The more conservative opinion is that the bill will not be permitted to reach a vote under any circumstances. President Taft has intimated that if a vote were cast simply as the result of a "frame up," he would call the extra session just the same.

If this is so, nothing would be gained by the Griggs plan, while the Republican party would be blamed for again refusing to take a step toward reducing the duties on foodstuffs. Of course, this issue cuts both ways, but the fact that a hostile senate does not go on record against reciprocity and probably would vote for it under protest indicates how these statesmen sense the general current of public opinion.

MUCH LOOT RECOVERED

Young Nurse Said to Have Stolen \$20,000 Worth of Valuables

Boston, Feb. 28.—Miss Amelia S. Leonard, the young nurse who has admitted stealing jewelry and other property valued at \$1612.50 from Miss Mary J. Lockwood, an aged patient who died Feb. 14, waived examination to the municipal court, and Judge Sullivan remanded her to jail in default of \$10,000 bail.

While the proceedings were going on in court, police inspectors and private detectives were searching her apartment on Commonwealth avenue. They were amazed to find thousands of dollars' worth of unset diamonds wrapped in absorbent cotton, jewelry, rare coins, lace, silks, French lingerie, porcelains, embroidery and other stuff concealed so cleverly that it was overlooked in the casual search at the time the young woman was arrested on Saturday. The value of the property is estimated at \$20,000.

VOLIVA TAKES Z ON CITY

His Brokers Turn Over \$700,000 to Receiver For the Estate

Chicago, March 3.—Zion City, the community founded by the late John A. Dowle, passed from the federal court into the hands of Wilbur Z. Voliva, overseer. The payment of \$700,000 in Judge Landis' court by Voliva's brokers to Gus D. Thomas, receiver for the estate, placed the \$1,350,000 property in the hands of Voliva.

From the moment the news reached the city founded by Dowle, there were scenes of joy in the streets. Thousands of horns were brought out and blown as long as the men, women and children behind them could muster the lung power. The transfer was accepted as the beginning of the long-promised "new era" under which Zion's factories and business enterprises are to yield great dividends to the citizens.

More Territory.
"I envy you," says the very thin man. "I wish I had your weight. Here I am, a skinny, dyspeptic creature, suffering half the time with stomach ache."
"Envy me!" chuckles the very fat man. "Why, what if you do have the stomach ache half the time? Think what a little bit of a stomach ache you can have. Now, when I have the stomach ache it amounts to something"—Life**Weekly Almanac.**

DATE	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	High water	Low water
MARCH 1911							
4 Sat	6 16 5 37	10 02 10 02	10 20 10 20	10 38 10 38	10 56 10 56	11 14 11 14	11 32 11 32
5 Sun	6 14 5 35	9 59 9 59	10 17 10 17	10 35 10 35	10 53 10 53	11 11 11 11	11 29 11 29
6 Mon	6 11 5 32	9 56 9 56	10 14 10 14	10 32 10 32	10 50 10 50	11 08 11 08	11 26 11 26
7 Tues	6 11 5 30	9 54 9 54	10 12 10 12	10 30 10 30	10 48 10 48	11 06 11 06	11 24 11 24
8 Wed	6 11 5 28	9 52 9 52	10 10 10 10	10 28 10 28	10 46 10 46	11 04 11 04	11 22 11 22
9 Thurs	6 11 5 26	9 50 9 50	10 08 10 08	10 26 10 26	10 44 10 44	11 02 11 02	11 20 11 20
10 Fri	6 11 5 24	9 48 9 48	10 06 10 06	10 24 10 24	10 42 10 42	11 00 11 00	11 18 11 18

New Moon, 30th day, 7h. 35m., morning.

First Quarter 7th day, 6h. 2m., evening.

Full Moon 14th day, 5h. 55m., evening.

Last Quarter 22nd day, 7h., 25m., evening.

Deaths.In this city, 26th ult., Agnes Henderson, widow of James W. Henderson, 60, 26th ult., 1911, in her 80th year.
In Washington, D. C., 25th ult., Mary S., daughter of the late Capt. Edward S. Hammon, of this city.
In Cambridge, Mass., March 1, Benjamin C. Perry, aged 80 years.**HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS**

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses, furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites, for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

122 Baitur Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1887. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamaica Plain for Summer Villas and Country places.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Suffering, Headaches, Bloating after eating, Itch in the Stomach, etc. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all the other troubles of the stomach, liver and regulate the bowels. Even if only cured.

Aches they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick headaches

CURE SICK HEADACHE

Is the head of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a good thing a truly agreeable and do not grip or produce any of the gastric action of other pills.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small bottles 10c. Large bottles 25c. Sold everywhere.

UNDER NOSES OF HUB POLICE

Young Brothers Committed
Many Darling Burglaries
THEY MAKE FULL CONFESSION

Woman Who Lived With Them Arrested on Charge of Receiving Stolen Goods—Indiscriminate Taste Displayed in Loot, More Than \$2000 Worth of Which is Recovered in House Where They Lived

Boston, March 3.—The confession of the two boy burglars, Harry E. Hunt and his brother, Frederick E. Hunt, following their arrest at 345A Washington street, that they had been committing burglaries for months without detection amazed the police.

Harry is 20 years old and his brother but 15. The older brother was held in \$3200 bail by Judge Westworth in the municipal criminal court, while Fred's case will be taken up by the juvenile court.

Mrs. Annie J. Wunder, who lived with the boys, was arrested on the charge of receiving stolen goods and held in \$1000 bail for the grand jury.

James W. Hunt, the father of the two boys, wept as he told the police that they had become wild because of a lack of home influence since the death of their mother, twelve years ago.

Full recital was made by Harry Hunt to the police of the Court square station of the many breaks which he and his younger brother have made in Boston, the frequency and success of which have been startling. Considering that Harry has not yet attained his 21st birthday and that Fred will not be 16 until next June, the police listened to one of the most astonishing tales that has yet fallen to their lot.

To the police the confession was a source of great satisfaction, for it cleared up the mystery of a great many breaks and proved one of the most important captures made in a long time. The fact that the burglaries were the work of boys did not detract, in their eyes, from the importance of Wednesday night's work, for the methods employed by the young burglars and the fact that they made no effort to get rid of a large part of their loot made the task of apprehending them exceedingly difficult.

To heighten the effect of the boyish confession, during which Hunt told of place after place that he and his brother had entered, there was scattered about one of the rooms of the police station enough loot to make the place look like a well stocked pawnshop, the variety of the loot showing a very indiscriminate selection on the part of the boy burglars. It appears from what Harry Hunt told the police that he and his brother worked alone, instead of being the head of a regular gang.

When Hunt confessed that most of the stolen property would be found at 13 Decatur street, South End, where they roomed, the police hastened there to raid the rooms, where they found loot valued at \$2000 to \$3000. At the same time the police arrested Mrs. Wunder, who was found in a room adjoining that where the loot was stored. She declared to the police that the boys had threatened her life if she divulged any of their secrets. She said that she was waiting for the brothers when the police arrived.

Among the articles found in the loot were razors, watches, rings, inset stones, shoes, knives, fountain pens, opera glasses, watch chains, charms, lockets, overcoats, skirts and other articles of clothing, most of which probably were taken from various tailor shops visited.

Harry Hunt has served time in the Concord reformatory, having been sent there on an eighteen-months' sentence for breaking and entering. There is nothing criminal on Fred's records, except the charge lodged against him in court yesterday.

WHOLESALE HAZING

Richmond Freshmen Pay For Violating Rules of Upper Classmen

Richmond, March 3.—Richmond college seniors, sophomores and juniors united in a wholesale hazing of the freshmen because the latter had the audacity to give a supper in violation of the rules of the upper classes.

The penalty for hazing is suspension, and the penalty may be visited on the whole corps of upper classmen. President Bealwright is discussing the matter with the faculty.

CONFESSES HIS IDENTITY

Chief of Police in a Virginia Town an Escaped Murderer

Danville, Va., March 3.—Edgar Stripling, for five years chief of police of Danville under the name of R. E. Morris, was arrested here as an escaped murderer from the Atlanta prison.

In 1897 he was tried for murder, convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment. He escaped, pending a motion for a new trial.

Stripling confessed his identity when requisition papers were read to him.

HOUSE PASSES DEFICIENCY BILL

Washington, March 1.—The general deficiency bill, the fiscal appropriation measure passed by, carrying \$3,060,126, was passed by the house on a viva voce vote at midnight last night and the house adjourned.

DR. WILEY AND WIFE



Miss Kelton Becomes Bride of Government Food Expert

ON THEIR HONEYMOON

Dr. Wiley and Miss Kelton Wedded at Home of Bride

Washington, Feb. 28.—Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, of pure food fame, led to the altar Miss Anna C. Kelton, daughter of the late General Joseph C. Kelton, U. S. A. The wedding was a quiet affair in the home of the bride and was attended by only the relatives and intimate friends.

Elaborate gifts were received from all quarters of the country. Dr. and Mrs. Wiley left immediately after the wedding for a trip through the northern states.

SQUAW AND THREE CHILDREN CAUGHT

Official Report of Battle With Indians in Nevada

Washington, March 1.—Confirmation of the press despatches telling of a battle between the Nevada state police and twelve Shoshone Indians is received in a telegram to the bureau of Indian affairs. It came from George B. Haggitt, superintendent of the Western Shoshone reservation.

The telegram asserts that the police, who had been following the Indians for some time, overtook the Red Men at a place named Gold Circle, and that one policeman and eight Indians were killed during the engagement. Four were taken prisoners. The Indians are supposed to have murdered and mutilated four stockmen about a month ago.

When Captain J. P. Donnelly of the state police and his force approached, the Indians started their regular war dance, and then opened the fight. Four bucks, two squaws and two children were killed and one young squaw and three children were captured. Ed Hoffa, a member of Captain Donnelly's posse, was killed. None of the others was wounded.

NEW RECORD IN CITY PRIMARY EXPENSES

Final Figures in Chicago's Contest For Mayoralty

Chicago, March 2.—Charles E. Merriam, professor of political economy at the University of Chicago, a Republican, and former Mayor Carter H. Harrison, a Democrat, were chosen as candidates for mayor of Chicago at the primary election. The election will be held April 1.

The following is the final count of the 1324 precincts: Democrats—Harrison, 55,059; Graham, 38,541; Duane, 53,513. Republicans—Merriam, 54,283; Scully, 1210; Thompson, 26,304; Murray, 2823; Smolski, 21,167.

A record was made in the amount of money spent in a primary in Chicago. It is shown that \$696,500 was spent by the organizations of the various candidates for office and by the city to get out and care for the vote. This was approximately \$3 for every vote cast at the primary.

CLERK ANJ MON-Y GONE

Bank Package Shy More Than \$1000 When It Reaches Destination

Winchester, N. H., March 1.—Between \$1015 and \$1035 in cash disappeared from a package consigned by the Winchester National bank to the Boston clearing house, last Thursday evening, before the package reached its destination.

The news that there was a shortage of money became known yesterday afternoon when detectives began an investigation of the probable whereabouts of the missing money, and also sought to find Harold Eastman, a clerk at the bank, who has not been seen in this town since last Thursday night.

A Gain For Cremation

Berlin, March 3.—The Prussian government has laid before the diet a bill legalizing cremation. This denotes a complete change in the attitude of the government, which has always opposed the suggestion.

MAY OBJECT TO EXTRADITION

Davie Is Expected to Put Up a Fight in Brazil

HUB POLICE ARE SUSPICIOUS

Inclined to Doubt "Boy Broker's" Story of Poverty—Said to Have Securities Valued at \$80,000 "Salted Away," In Addition to \$8000 or \$10,000 in Cash When He Left Boston—Talks on "Wages of Sin" Recalled

Boston, Feb. 27.—Extradition papers to bring Robert E. Davie, the "boy broker," back from Rio Janeiro, are on their way from Washington to Boston. As soon as they arrive William H. Waits, deputy superintendent of police and head of the bureau of criminal investigation, will send two headquarters men for Davie.

Chief Waits is suspicious of the report that Davie is penniless. He rather expects Davie to put up a fight against coming back here.

Davie, according to cables from Rio Janeiro, told a story to the effect that he was penniless; had to work his way to South America in a menial position, and was compelled to sleep many nights in the park for want of money. He had just succeeded in getting a job when he was arrested.

"I don't believe he is broke," said Waits. "We have positive knowledge that just before he went away from here he got cash amounting to over \$8000 to \$10,000 on stocks that he negotiated. All that money has not been spent since he left."

"We have now discovered that, when Davie left Boston, he had about \$80,000 worth of negotiable securities 'salted away.' The stock was of the London issue of the Kansas City Southern Railway company. It is a standard stock, easily negotiable in any part of the world. It looks as though he had it tucked away for use in case of emergencies."

"I don't believe the story that he will come back without a fight, either. We will have a lot of trouble about getting him extradited. It may take two or three months before we get him back here; but we'll get him."

"I have not decided yet who will go after him. Two men will probably go. Whoever goes will take the steamship Hyron that sails from New York on March 4. It is a seventeen days' trip down there, so you see it will be some time before we get Davie back to Boston, even though he comes without a fight, which I do not believe he will."

Davie fled from Boston in November. He kept up appearances of having thousands of dollars at his call to the very last. He is charged with swindling clients out of about \$500,000 entrusted to him to carry out brokerage commissions.

Davie had often talked at evangelical meetings in churches on the "Wages of Sin," and how a career built on the sands of waste, extravagance and lies and theft, can end only in disaster. His own short career brought this Biblical command fresh to mind to his Boston friends when they heard of the pitiable ending of the broker.

"I am penniless," Davie told the American consul when arrested. "I came here working as a stoker on a freight steamer."

He was dressed, when arrested, in the same dirty, oily suit he wore on the tramp steamer. His appearance prevented him from getting work, and he took refuge at the Y. M. C. A. under an assumed name. By the strange turn of fate, it was the Y. M. C. A. in Boston to which Davie the bright young religious broker, gave generous contributions.

It was through the Y. M. C. A., too, that he was caught. He hung around the streets and slept on park benches, occasionally asking for work at the Y. M. C. A. building in Rio Janeiro until finally Director Clark became suspicious. The South American papers had printed photographs of Davie when he fled from Boston charged with stealing \$500,000, and from these photographs Clark finally recognized Davie. In spite of his gangdog look, his old, wornout clothes.

PRINCESS IS MURDERED

Lady-in-Waiting to Queen of Italy Slain by Army Officer

Rome, March 3.—Prince Paterno, an officer in the Italian cavalry, shot and killed Princess Trigone, a lady-in-waiting to Queen Helena, in a hotel here.

Paterno then attempted to commit suicide, but failed, though he seriously wounded himself. Jealousy was the cause of the crime. Both parties to the tragedy belong to the Sicilian aristocracy.

Diphtheria Scare Grows

Baltimore, March 3.—The diphtheria epidemic in Baltimore assumed still more alarming proportions when sixteen new cases were reported to the health department.

Clara Morris Fears End Is Near

New York, March 3.—Fearful that her end is not far off, Clara Morris, the former actress, who is Mrs. P. C. Perrot in private life, is dictating her memoirs.

Work on the Maine May Stop

Havana, March 1.—Unless the American congress approves the appropriation for continuing the work of raising the Maine, work will stop on

ROBIN PLEADS GUILTY

Former Financier Admits Looting of His Savings Bank

New York, March 2.—Joseph G. Robin, the fallen banker, abandoned his plea of insanity and pleaded guilty to an indictment charging him with the larceny of \$27,000 from the Washington Savings bank, of which he was formerly president. Seven indictments against him remain. He was remanded to the Tombs until March 27, when he will be sentenced.

Beginning as a Russian immigrant in this country, poverty-stricken, knowing neither the language nor the customs of the country, Robin pushed his way up to a height from which his fall caused a distinct tremor all through New York's tremendous financial structures. In only a few years, though starting out penniless, he was worth millions—and then came the crash.

Through his operations, the Washington Savings bank, the Northern bank of New York, the Carnegie Trust company and a string of minor concerns which he promoted, went into insolvency. No full statement of his larcenies has yet been made public by the state bank examiners.

REUF'S LAST HOPE GONE

San Francisco's Former Boss Must Go to Penitentiary

San Francisco, March 2.—Abraham Reuf, ex-political leader of San Francisco, who has been out on bail of nearly \$250,000 for some time, pending the result of certain appeals against his sentence for bribery, is back in jail.

He was taken into custody after the state supreme court announced that a recent order granting him a rehearing had been vacated.

This action of the court apparently sets aside Reuf's last hope for escaping his sentence of fourteen years in San Quentin.

VALUABLE SECRET DIES WITH DOCTOR

Brinckerhoff Was Preparing a Cure For Leprosy

Boston, March 3.—Dr. Walter H. Brinckerhoff, who lived among lepers for four years in search of a cure for leprosy, died of acute pneumonia at the age of 36 at the Harvard medical school.

Death interrupted his announcement to the world, expected this month, of his discovery of the cure of the dreaded disease. He had located and isolated the bacteria of leprosy and was preparing an antitoxin to kill them.

For the sake of science, he sacrificed his wife, whom he brought to the desolate Molokai island in Hawaii, where she died broken in heart and health.

How they suffered there together he never has confessed, and she never lived to tell. He, too, was a martyr to science, for his body, weakened by overwork in his laboratory, was an easy prey to a cold he caught Tuesday.

EXTRA SESSION CERTAIN

Will Be Called by President Taft Within Month From Now

Washington, March 3.—The last vestige of doubt that there will be an extraordinary session of congress called by President Taft to consider the Canadian reciprocity agreement, in the now practically certain event of the failure of that measure in the present congress, disappeared when it became known that Republican leaders had been called to the White House for a consultation.

"The die is cast," said one of the Republican senators after retiring to the Capitol. "Mr. Taft has decided that there must be an extra session and that he will call it earlier than April 4." March 20 is the date now talked about at the Capitol for calling the extra session.

LASHING FOR WIFE BEATER

Offender's Plea For Mercy Has No Effect Upon the Court

Baltimore, March 2.—The spectacle was witnessed in the criminal court here of a man, who had brutally beaten his wife, pleading for mercy with tears streaming down his face, when he heard the sentence of five lashes at the whipping post and imprisonment in jail.

But there was no mercy because the testimony showed that Frank McCauley struck his wife seven or eight times, choked her and then took from her more than \$20. It was the second sentence of a wife beater to the post by Judge Duffy within a month.

Against Direct Elections

Washington, March 1.—By a vote of 54 to 33, seven less than the necessary two-thirds, the senate refused to pass the Borah resolution for a constitutional amendment providing for the direct election of United States senators. Thirty-three Republicans and twenty-one Democrats voted for the resolution and twenty-three Republicans and ten Democrats against it.

Thirty Dead Men on Derelict Ship

Odessa, Feb. 28.—A tragedy of the sea was revealed in the discovery in the Caspian sea of a derelict vessel the whole crew of which, numbering thirty, had been frozen to death. The ship was a mass of ice.

Montana Elects Myers Senator

Helena, Mont., March 3.—Henry L. Myers (Dem.) was elected United States senator last night to succeed Senator Carter on the seventy-ninth joint legislative ballot.

Industrial Trust Company,

Our Capital of \$3,000,000, Surplus of \$3,000,000, and total Resources in excess of \$50,000,000 make this company one of the largest and strongest financial institutions in the country, and insure to every depositor, large or small, absolute security combined with the highest quality of banking service.

NEWPORT BRANCH,

303 Thames Street.

SCHREIER'S,

143 Thames Street

NONE SHOULD MISS OUR GREAT

MILLINERY SALE.

Entire Winter Stock Must Go. Balance of our Fine

TRIMMED HATS

OFFERED AT HALF COST.

See the TRIMMED HATS we offer at \$1.50, \$2.98, \$3.00 and \$3.50.

UNTRIMMED HATS from 25 cents.

Choice line SATIN HATS 98 cents.

Choice line BEAVER HATS \$1.98.

STOP IN AT THE

POSTAL STATION ON BROADWAY

and get some of those

LENOX CHOCOLATES

You will be pleased and so will we.

S. S. THOMPSON,

172-176 BROADWAY.

CHAFING DISHES

With an ALCOHOL Lamp
you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY
you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

CANNOT RECOVER DAMAGES

Awards of \$26,700 Set Aside in Case of Unregistered Automobile

Boston, March 3.—An unregistered automobile has no legal right upon the highways of Massachusetts and damages cannot be collected for any accident to occupants of such a machine, so the supreme court declares in an opinion just handed down.

Verdicts aggregating \$26,700 are set aside by the court's decision and the New York Central railroad, who carried the question of an unregistered auto to the supreme court, is so much in.

An auto containing Louis S. Chase and friends was crashed into by a Boston and Albany train at Brookfield. Mrs. Chase died from injuries four days after the accident and all of the auto party were injured. The verdicts aggregated \$26,700 and were awarded after a jury trial of the case, but the railroad contended that the auto had no right in the road and thus contention the supreme court holds.

Big Strike of Paper Box Makers

New York, March 2.—Fifteen hundred paper box makers employed by Jewish manufacturers struck for higher wages and were joined by the drivers of the various concerns. About 5000 workers are now out.

Minister Gets a Divorce

Cambridge, Mass., March 1.—Rev. William W. Downs of Malden, familiarly called "Parson" Downs, was granted a divorce from his young wife, whom he accused of a statutory offense.

Has Debts of \$173,262

Boston, March 3.—A voluntary petition in bankruptcy was filed by Frank C. Hyde, an agent. His liabilities are \$173,262, of which \$172,330 is secured. The assets are \$509.

A Full Line of all the NEW AND

Improved Varieties

or

VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

Fernando Barker.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT., D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal, the time has arrived to get a complete examination. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co. are now on file at my office, 118 Spring Street, for the purpose of giving personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 3-29 a. m.—3-30 p. m.

WANTED

Successful boarding house-keeper for hire or management of country hotel

W. G. FRICKHAM, Woodfield, N. J.

10-17

LINCOLN INAUGURAL AS IT APPEARED TO A NORTHERN TOWN

By Captain GEORGE L. KILMER.
(Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.)

THE peaceful inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as the first Republican president March 4, 1861, marked a turning point in the political crisis through which the nation was then struggling. It pushed off indefinitely a chaos which had seemed imminent. General Winfield Scott, the aged commander of the United States army, after witnessing the ceremonies of the day standing beside a battery of regular artillery having its loaded guns trained upon Capitol hill, exclaimed as the immense crowd of spectators vanished from the scene and the streets of Washington resumed their normal quiet:

"Thank God, he is inaugurated!"

The same feeling of relief came to millions of citizens that night and next morning when the telegraph spread the tidings that Lincoln had been seated without mishap or violent commotion. There had been threats and prophecies before election that Lincoln would never be inaugurated, appeals from loyal supporters to withdraw and prevent a catastrophe, and after election threats and prophecies intensified up to the very morning of March 4; hence batteries ready for emergencies and regiments ready at a moment's notice to seat him by force; hence a nation with eyes and ears strained all that day and the next, till every hamlet knew the truth, for an assuring word from Washington.

March 4, 1861. I was a student at the Susquehanna seminary at Dinghamton, N. Y. Dinghamton then was a town of 5,000 inhabitants. The congressman of the district lived there and was an energetic and aggressive supporter of Lincoln. Where he was there was a storm center of heated political debate.

The telegraph bulletin was the center of interest all day. A few steps away the lobby of the principal hotel was thronged, and there usually inside news—that is, private telegrams—was first given out. Early dispatches from Washington were assuring in the main, although one stated that a plot had



CHIEF JUSTICE ROGER B. TANEY, WHO ADMINISTERED OATH OF OFFICE TO LINCOLN.

been discovered to spike the cannon relied upon by General Scott. The usual inauguration program was being followed without interruption. Still the desperate, the reckless and some merely skeptical said in turn, "Wait and see!" Lincoln "never should," "never would," "never could" be inaugurated, were different ways of stating the opposition side.

New York morning papers reached us by late afternoon train. They were eagerly scanned for news of Washington on the eve of inauguration. By



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JOHN HAY, ONE OF LINCOLN'S PRIVATE SECRETARIES AT TIME OF INAUGURATION.

that time unofficial telegrams had stated that the inauguration was over. One of these was to the effect that "Lincoln will enforce the laws."

"You've inaugurated him, but what can he do?" taunted the opposition and those on the fence. "He'll enforce the laws," was the rejoinder. "But with the whole south in arms he'll need a million soldiers to do that, and he hasn't got 10,000." "He can have them!" was the response from many a young throat, and that night at least 800 young men of the town vowed to enlist at the first call.

Perfectly Natural.

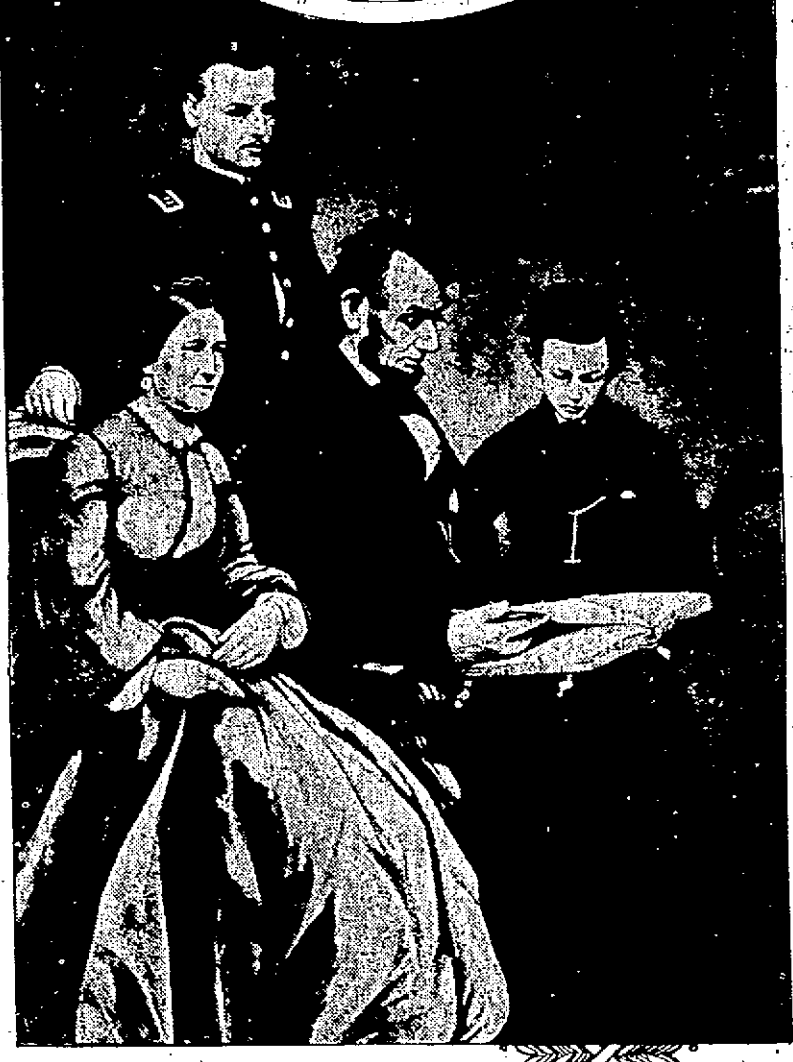
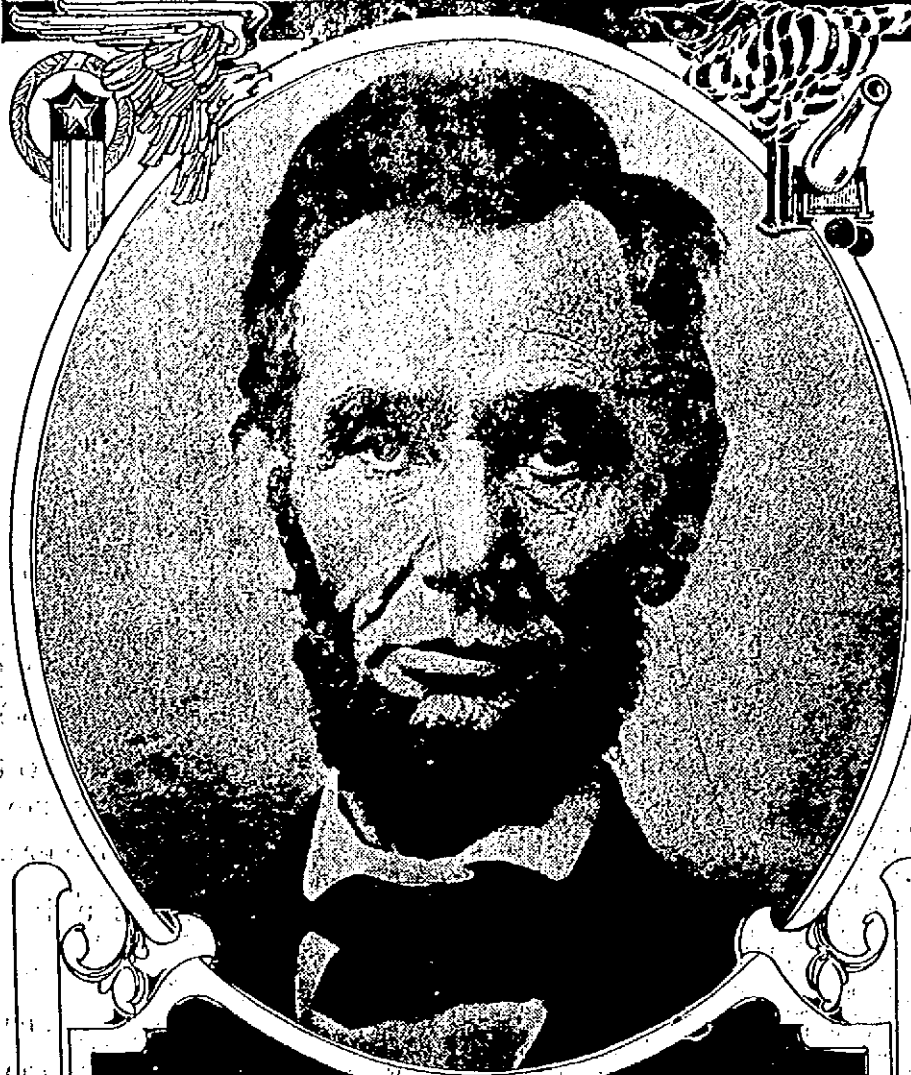
"The supposed young millionaire bought an airship just before he was declared bankrupt."

"That was a perfectly natural proceeding."

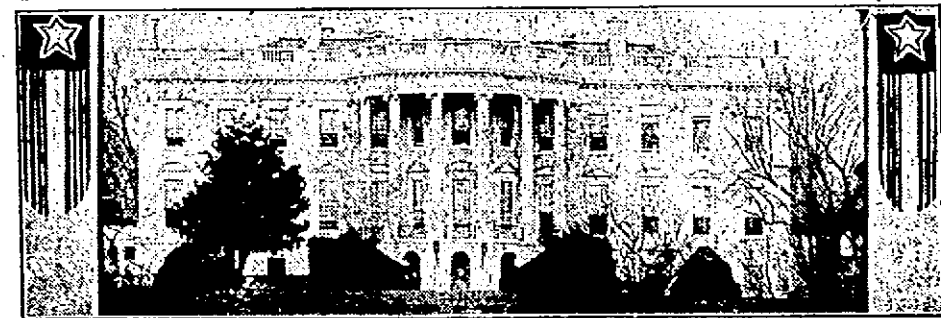
"How so?"

"Most people do buy airships before they go up."—New York Journal.

FIFTY YEARS AGO TODAY LINCOLN BECAME PRESIDENT.



JUST fifty years ago today Abraham Lincoln was first inaugurated as president of the United States. The inaugural ceremonies took place, as usual, on the east portico of the capitol. Mr. Lincoln, Chief Justice Roger B. Taney, who administered the oath of office; Stephen A. Douglas, whom he had defeated; James Buchanan, the retiring president, and other eminent men occupied a raised platform built of planks; under which was stationed a company of soldiers. Mr. Lincoln had stopped at the old Willard's hotel for several days prior to the inauguration. On the morning of March 4 he sent a letter to William H. Seward urgently requesting that the latter recall his withdrawal of the accepted portfolio of state. Mr. Lincoln told Mr. Seward that the public interest demanded his acceptance. About noon President Buchanan arrived at Willard's in his carriage and called for the president elect, who entered the vehicle, sitting beside the retiring president on the drive along Pennsylvania avenue to the capitol. All along the route soldiers were stationed. Even on the roofs of houses troops with bristling musket barrels were seen. This precaution had been taken because of long continued rumors that an attempt would be made to assassinate Mr. Lincoln. When the party arrived at the capitol and ascended to the platform on the east front Mr. Lincoln suffered a slight embarrassment which his old rival, Mr. Douglas, relieved. A small reading table had been supplied for Lincoln's use. The new president wore one of the tall "stovepipe" hats of the period. He could find no place on or under the table to deposit the hat and stood awkwardly holding it in his hand. Douglas, who sat behind him, quickly arose, went forward and took Lincoln's hat, holding it while the latter delivered his inaugural address. "If I can't be president," remarked Douglas to a lady who sat beside him, "I can at least hold the president's hat."



Greatness and Smartness.

"Which would you rather be—truly great or really smart?"

"Smart, of course."

"Why?"

"Well, you may be truly great and no one ever know it, but if you're smart you can make people think that you're great."—Chicago Post.

Taking Away From the Subject.

When Frederick Robertson of Brighton, the great preacher who had written much about Tennyson's poems and for whom the poet had a high regard, first called upon him, "I felt," said Tennyson, "as if he had come to pluck out the heart of my mystery, so I talked to him about nothing but beer."

For the First Corner.

Young Man—So Miss Ethel is your oldest sister. Who comes after her? Small Brother—Nobody ain't come yet, but pa says the first fellow that comes can have her.—Boston Transcript.

Some people seem to think it is useless to do right unless a crowd happens to be present.—Chicago Record-Herald.

TOLSTOY WANTED BLOOD.

His Quarrel With Turgeneff and the Reconciliation That Followed.

Anonymous recently in the Paris Figaro, gives the following account of an early encounter between Tolstoy and Turgeneff, which shows the Russian sage in a different frame of mind from the one in which the world has since come to know him:

It was on the estate of his friend, the poet Fet, near Yasnaya. Turgeneff was among the invited guests. The hostess inquired after his daughter, who was being reared in France. Turgeneff spoke highly of his English governess. "With a truly British exactitude," he said, "she requested me to fix the sum which my daughter might spend for charity. And now she teaches her pupil to mend the ragged clothes of the poor."

"And you consider that a good thing?" asked Tolstoy.

"Certainly," replied the other. "It brings the benefactor into direct contact with the persons whom he is helping."

"On my part, I think that a well-dressed child who handles dirty and ill-smelling rags is playing a hypocritical and theatrical farce."

"I must ask you not to speak in this way," exclaimed Turgeneff, with menacing looks.

"Why should I not say what I am convinced is the truth?" remarked Tolstoy.

"You think, then, that I am educating my daughter badly," and, while Fet was interceding, "if you will talk to that way I shall box your ears." Then he left the room, begging his hosts to pardon his abrupt departure.

Tolstoy also went. At the neighboring station he wrote to Turgeneff demanding an apology. He ordered pistols and tried to provoke his rival to a duel. Turgeneff's answer, very dignified, brought the apology demanded by Tolstoy. He closed by saying that he thought it best that two men with such opposite tempers should henceforth break off all relations. Tolstoy, carried away by his anger (it was in 1881), declined to be satisfied with such an answer. He felt that he had been gravely offended. He demanded reparation by arms. He therefore repeated his provocations. His friend Fet, who attempted to pacify him, succeeded only in drawing from him this vigorous reply: "I beg of you henceforth not to write to me any more. I shall return your letters unopened, the same as I do with Turgeneff's." After these occurrences Turgeneff returned to France, where he passed the greater part of his time. Some months later, on reflection, Tolstoy regretted his violence. Seized with remorse, he sent Turgeneff a letter asking his pardon. "I find it exceedingly painful," he wrote, "to think that I have made an enemy of you."

Turgeneff forgave, as one may imagine, but the complete and definitive reconciliation took place much later.

Perfumes.

Civet is an aromatic substance of the consistence of honey and is obtained from a pouch on the civet cat, an animal from two to three feet long and about ten or twelve inches high. The best known of animal odors is musk, which is obtained from the musk deer. China furnishes the best quality. Twenty-five pods or sacks are packed in oblong boxes composed of plates of lead enclosed in a caddy made of pasteboard. Musk is obtained from Assam, Siberia, the Altai mountains and other parts of northern Asia. Ambergris is another animal odor. It is secreted in the intestines of the sperm whale. A very curious fact is that ambergris is only accumulated by disease—that is, it is only secreted in a sick whale. It is very hard, of a light gray color and is found in quantities varying from twenty to fifty pounds. It is worth about \$6 an ounce.—London Standard.

**Children Ory
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have
Always Bought

Bears the
Signature

of

Dr. J. C. Fletcher
In
Use
For Over
Thirty Years

CASTORIA

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

MAINED CERVANTES.

Bravery in Battle of the Famous
Author of "Don Quixote."

An incident of the battle of Lepanto, which broke the power of the Turks in Europe, has an interest for students of literature. "In the Marquis's gallery," we quote from Commander Curley's "Sea Wolves in the Mediterranean," "was lying in his bed, sick of a fever, a young man twenty-four years of age, a Spaniard of Alcala de Henares, the son of honorable parents, we are told, although these parents were poor. When this young man heard that a battle was imminent he rose from his bed and demanded of his captain, Francisco San Pedro, that he should be placed in the midst of greatest danger. The captain and others, his friends, counseled him to remain in his bed. 'Señores,' replied the young man, 'what would he said of Miguel de Cervantes should he take this advice? On every occasion up to this day on which his enemies have offered battle to his majesty I have served like a good soldier, and today I intend to do so in spite of this sickness and fever. He was given command of twelve soldiers in a ship and all day was to be seen where the combat raged most fiercely. He received two wounds in the chest and another which cost him the loss of his left hand. To those to whom he proudly displayed them in after years he was accustomed to say, 'Wounds in the face or the chest are like stars which guide one through honor to the skies.' Of him the chronicler says, 'He continued the rest of his life with honorable memory of this wonderful occurrence, and, although he lost the use of his left hand, it added to the glory of his right.' Now glorious was that right hand is known to all readers of 'El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha.'"

RELIC OF ANTIQUITY.

The Seal That Is So Often Used on
Legal Documents.

A most absurd thing connected with legal business is the little piece of red, green or blue paper or dab of sealing wax which we often place at the end of a signature to a deed, will or other important document.

It is a very small thing in size, but one to which a great deal of importance is frequently given. It is a relic of antiquity, and no plausible excuse can be invented for continuing its use.

Some of the more progressive states have practically abolished its use by legislation, which deprives it of any technical legal significance. In others, however, it is still used with all seriousness and solemnity, and an almost magical value is given to it by dignified judges that is little less than ridiculous.

A man died years ago leaving part of his estate to another to enjoy while he lived, with the privilege of devising it at his death to others whom he might select by a writing under his "hand and seal." A writing was executed so devising the property, but it was contested by others claiming the property upon the technical ground that the paper contained no seal after the signature and the devise was therefore void.

A wise Philadelphia judge closely scrutinized the signature and after carefully listening to the arguments of lawyers decided that at the end of the signature there was an extra scroll or flourish made with the pen with which the signature was made and that this was sufficient in law to constitute a seal.—Case and Comment Abuse.

Abuse is not so dangerous when there is no vehicle of wit or delicacy, no subtle conveyance. The difference between coarse and refined abuse is as the difference between being bruised by a club and wounded by a poisoned arrow.—Johnson.

Doesn't Feed Them.

Silmon—Our landlady says she likes to see her boarders have good appetites. Smart—Well, some women are naturally cruel.—Boston Transcript.

A you for divorce on the grounds of insanity.—Pluck.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries brief and in consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. Direct all communications to: MISS E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Society, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1911.

NOTES.

Will of Samuel Crautson Concluded. Item. My son James had sixty pounds of me to purchase a negro girl now his possession which I do give him and my negro boy Tony I do give to my said son James Crautson and to his heirs.

Item. My negro woman Floa I give to my daughter Frances Brenton and her heirs.

Item. It is my will and I do nominate, constitute and appoint my beloved Wife, Judith Crautson, my son James Crautson and my son-in-law Jahiel Brenton my executrix and executors of this my last will and testament of the survivors or survivor of them if any one or two of these decesses before this my will be performed according to the true intent and meaning thereof and that this my last will and testament I have hereunto put my hand and affixed my seal to Newport the seventeenth day of March in the thirteenth year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord, George by the grace of God Great Britain, France and Ireland King Defender of the Faith Anno Dom. 1726.

The words including all bonds, bills and book debts of what sort soever was interlined between the tenth and eleventh lines, from the bottom on the first side of this will before signing and sealing hereof and the said bonds, bills and book debts in part and parcel of said estate therein that paragraph given to my said wife Judith Crautson with the shop goods, negroes and shipping.

It is my desire and request to my executrix as well as to the government not to be attended at my funeral with the Militia in Arms or the firing of great guns or small, it being a custom as I apprehend only proper if it be proper in camp and armies.

Witnessed, Signed, sealed and declared in the presence of: Nathaniel Kay, Samuel Holmes, Tho's Richardson.

Nathaniel Kay, Samuel Holmes and Thomas Richardson the witnesses to the foregoing will of Samuel Crautson, Esq., appeared to counsel and on their solemn oath declare that they saw the said Samuel Crautson, Esq., sign, seal and declare the foregoing instrument as his last will and testament and that he was of sound and disposing mind and understanding and that they in the same time signed in his presence as witnesses.

Test May 1st, 1727. Wm. Coddington, Council Clerk.

Recorded May 22d, 1727. F. Wm. Coddington, Council Clerk.

A true copy from the records. Newport, March 5th, 1783. Wm. Coddington, Town Clerk.

A true copy from the copy of William Coddington, Esq., Town clerk of Newport made out and compared and examined at Foster in the State of Rhode Island this fifth day of March, A. D. 1811.

Theodore Foster, formerly Town clerk of Providence. The End.

QUERIES.

6601. MINOR—Eunice Minor, married Henry Jones, Jan. 19, 1749, in North Stonington, Conn. Wanted the birth and death dates of Eunice, and her parents. And the same for Henry Jones. —N. R. F.

6602. GRISWOLD—Mary Griswold died Nov. 25, 1750, married about 1695, Capt. James Avery. Whose daughter was she? She was not the daughter of Matthew and Ann (Wolcott) Griswold. —N. R. F.

6603. LATHAM—Jonathan Latham, had a daughter Lucy born May 21, 1709, died May 2, 1767, married June 16, 1728, Ebenezer Avery. Wanted the name of his wife and his ancestry. —N. R. F.

6604. JARROLD—Jerome married Sweet, had a daughter Wally. Jerome who married James H. Jones, he was born Mar. 28, 1773. Wanted the first names of Jerome and Sweet. When Wally was born, died and married. The list of children that Jerome and Sweet had. —N. R. F.

6605. ROGERS—Dorcas Rogers born Feb. 12, 1781, died Aug. 10, 1810, married as third wife Sept. 14, 1768, Isaac Sheldon. Wanted her ancestry. —N. R. F.

6606. BETTS—Mary Betts, born 1729, died 1813, married Nov. 2, 1748, Daniel Hull. Wanted her ancestry. —N. R. F.

6607. JONES—Henry Jones married in North Stonington, Jan. 19, 1749, Eunice Miner. Wanted his ancestry. —N. R. F.

1 6608. THURFT—David A. Thift born Nov. 17, 1784, married Lydia Parsons. Wanted ancestry of David. —N. R. F.

6609. PARSONS—John Parsons married Catherine Weatherly. Wanted the list of their children. —N. R. F.

6610. MOTT—Henry Mott (1) born 1755 or 7, died Nov. 21, 1830, married Hannah. He was of Hempstead, L. I. Wanted the names of his children. James Mott (2) Adam (1). Whom did he marry?

James Mott (3) John (2) Adam (1). Whom did he marry? Samuel Mott (3) Joseph (2) Adam

(1) born 1707, married May 27, 1728, Martha Smith, he died Feb. 16, 1780-7, she married John Hicks. Wanted the list of Samuel's children. Charles Mott (3) Gershom (2) Adam (1). Whom did he marry? John Mott (3) Gershom (2) Adam (1), born 1697. Whom did he marry? Gershom Mott (3) (2) Adam (1), born May 15, 1702, married 1736, Deborah Carman. Wanted the names of their children. Ayher Mott (3) Gershom (2) Adam (1), born 1704. Whom did he marry? James Mott (3) Gershom (2) Adam (1), born 1707. Whom did he marry? Richard Mott (4) (3) James (2) Adam (1), married Deborah. Wanted the names of their children. William Mott (4) Patrick (3) John (2) Adam (1). Whom did he marry? Richard Mott (4) Patrick (3) John (2) Adam (1). Whom did he marry? Gilbert Mott (4) Patrick (3) John (2) Adam (1), born 1768, probably a soldier in the War of 1812. Whom did he marry?

Samuel Mott (4) Jos. (3) (2) Adam (1), born Feb. 5, 1786, married Margaret probably Williams, Dec. 1789, she died June 14, 1819, married (2) Susanna. He went to Vt. Wanted the names of his children.

Richard Mott (4) Joseph (3) (2) Adam (1), born July 1, 1790. Whom did he marry?

Jacob Mott (4) Joseph (3) (2) Adam (1), born Aug. 20, 1782, removed to Vt., married Hannah Williams, burned to death July 29, 1826.

Samuel Mott (4) Jacob (3) Joseph (2) Adam (1), married Anna. Wanted the names of his children.

John Mott (4) Wm. (3) (2) Adam (1), born 1755. Whom did he marry? —N. R. F.

THE CYCLOPEAN EYE.

It Exists Today in Rudimentary Form in Man's Brain.

The Greeks, were, unwittingly, very near an anatomical truth when they ascribed to certain monsters called cyclops only one eye apiece, which was placed in the center of their foreheads.

The cyclopean eye exists today in the brains of men in a rudimentary form, for in the pineal gland we find the last vestiges of that which was once a third eye and which looked out into the world, if not from the center of the forehead, at least from very near that point. There is alive today a little creature which would put to shame the one-eyed arrogance and pride of Polyphemus and Argos and Brontes and Steropes and all the rest of the single eyed gentry who, in the days of myths and myth makers, inhabited the "fair Sicilian Isle."

The animal in question is a small lizard called Calotes. Its well developed third eye is situated in the top of its head and can be easily seen through the modified and transparent scale which serves it as a cornea. Many other lacerilians have this third eye, though it is not so highly organized as it is in the species just mentioned.

A tree lizard which is to be found in the mountains of east Tennessee and Kentucky has its third eye well developed. This little animal is called the "singing scorpion" by the mountaineers. On dissection the third eye will be found lying beneath the skin. It has a lens, retina and optic nerve. —New York Herald.

BEAUTIFUL LEAVES.

And the Tiny Cells That Give Them Their Brilliant Hue.

A leaf is one of the most beautiful things in nature, and it is very wonderful to think that it owes its lovely color to minute little living bodies or cells of chlorophyll. This word comes from two Greek ones, chloros, green, and phyllon, a leaf, and is used to describe the ordinary coloring matter of vegetation.

The chlorophyll cells or granules absorb the light and heat of the sun's rays and in some marvelous way, which only scientists can understand, manufacture the sugar which is necessary for the life of the tree itself by combining the carbonic acid gas of the atmosphere with the water drawn in by its roots. These tiny cells are so very small that as many as 400,000 have been counted in a square millimeter of the leaf of a castor oil plant, and in order that they may come in contact with as much sunlight as possible the leaf turns slightly on its stalk toward the sun.

If you notice the arrangement of the leaves on a bough you will see that nature has placed them so that they form an almost perfect "light screen" and catch all the sunshine that there is. If it were not for the constant work of these little chlorophyll cells the splendid trees in our forests would wither and die and there would be no green things left in the world. —London Home Notes.

The Secretary Bird.

The long legged South African secretary birds travel in pairs, male and female. If disturbed or pursued their pace is about as fast as that of a running horse. They seldom use their wings and if compelled to do so can soar to a considerable height. They build bulky nests, and where trees are to be had they select one fifty to a hundred feet above the ground. Their nests are built of sticks and sods, lined with grass, and measure as much as five feet in diameter and three feet in thickness. As a rule only two eggs are laid. Incubation takes six weeks, which is done by the female. The young have to remain in their nests several months before they can stand on their long, slender legs, which are very weak and brittle. The young easily break their legs if disturbed. —Scientific American.

Old Time Theater Rowdies.

Rowdism in London theaters was a common occurrence in the old days, as is shown by the following from the London Post of Oct. 27, 1798:

"Two men in the pit at Drury Lane theater last night were so turbulent and riotous during the last act of 'Henry V.' that the performance was interrupted upward of a quarter of an hour. The audience at last asserted their power and turned them disgracefully out of the theater. This should always be done to crush the race of disgusting puppets that are a constant nuisance at the playhouse every night."

DINNER WARE
Of Known Worth.

The name of Chas. Field Haviland is a standard for exceptional quality as well as a warrant for great artistic beauty in the China world and it is this absolute certainty of satisfaction that induced us to secure the exclusive sale of the product for the City of Newport and vicinity. We carry at all times a most extensive line of this China as well as other well known French makes.

The individuality of our English patterns and their exquisite coloring are readily apparent to those who know. The hard and fast rule of "Quality first, last and always" is rigidly adhered to year in and out by these conscientious manufacturers. Originality of shapes is also a strong factor that enables them to retain their well earned leadership.

We Carry No Domestic
China Whatsoever

In all some forty different patterns are represented in Our China Ware Stock which comes from only the best makers—makers of a recognized high standing in their chosen lines.

A pleasant surprise is certainly in store for those folks who have not yet become acquainted with this important department of the Titus store.

A. C. TITUS CO.

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FEDERAL EXPRESS Through service. You pass through New York without changing cars. To ladies traveling alone this is a great advantage. Those trains are splendidly equipped—ventilated buffet parlor cars and dining car in either direction.

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NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD.

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Carr's List.

THE ADVENTURES OF A MOD-EST MAN, by Robert Chambers. ROBERT KIMBERLY, by Frank H. Spearman.

A GREAT MAN, by Arnold Bennett. THE SECOND WIFE, by Thompson Buchanan.

MAUD BAXTER, by C. C. Hotch-also, author of Betty Ross.

THE LURE OF THE ANTIQUE, by Walter A. Dyer.

THE MARKS OF A MAN, by Robert E. Speer.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING

Where He Made It.

"Hello, Bluke!" said Wobbles. "I hear you've been in the chicken business."

"Yep," said Bluke. "Made anything out of it?" asked Wobbles.

"Yep," said Bluke. "Ten thousand dollars."

"Ten thousand dollars in the chicken business?" demanded Wobbles.

"Nope. Out of it," said Bluke. —Harper's Weekly.

Books.

Be as careful of the books you read as of the company you keep, for your habits and character will be as much influenced by the former as the latter. —Paxton Hood.

Stella—Is she a friend of yours? Bella—How can I tell? We haven't one mutual acquaintance. —Illustrated Bits.

"Meet Me at Barney's."

On Saturday, March 4.

We will put on sale a limited amount of popular music at 10 CENTS THE COPY. This unusual opportunity is for SATURDAY only.

BARNEY'S

Music Store,

140 Thames Street.

Caution.

"Shall I have this prescription filled without further consultations?" asked the patient.

"Certainly," replied the physician. "Why not?"

"I thought maybe I'd better call in a handwriting expert." —Washington Star.

Williamson—Does your wife always have the last word? Henderson—Well, if she doesn't, old fellow, she looks it. —Smart Set.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Senate Chamber, Providence, March 2, 1911.

PUBLIC HEARING.

Clam Fisheries.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in An Act providing for the Protection of the Soft Shell Clam Fisheries.

In Committee Room No. 212, on WEDNESDAY, March 3, 1911, at 1:30 o'clock p. m. JOHN P. SANBORN, Chairman. JOHN W. SWENEY, Clerk. 3-4-1w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

House of Representatives, Providence, March 2, 1911.

PUBLIC HEARING.

The Committee on Labor Legislation of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in House Bill 15, entitled: "An Act providing for an Eight-hour Work day for Mechanics, Workmen and Laborers employed by the State of Rhode Island and Cities and Towns therein which may accept the provisions of this Act."

In Room 302, State House, Providence, on WEDNESDAY, March 2d, 1911, upon the rising of the House. GEORGE R. HANAFORD, Chairman. LEWIS A. BRIGGS, Clerk. 3-4-1w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Senate Chamber, Providence, March 2, 1911.

PUBLIC HEARING.

The Committee on Fisheries of the Senate will hear all persons interested in Senate Bill 67, entitled: "An Act in substitution of Chapter 437, of the Public Laws, entitled An Act for the better protection of the Lobster Fisheries."

In Committee Room 210, State House, Providence, on WEDNESDAY, March 2, 1911, at one o'clock p. m. upon the rising of the Senate. HENRY C. ANTHONY, Chairman. EARL H. PECKHAM, Clerk. 3-4-1w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Senate Chamber, Providence, March 2, 1911.

PUBLIC HEARING.

The Committee on Fisheries of the Senate will hear all persons interested in Senate Bill 67, entitled: "An Act in substitution of Chapter 437, of the Public Laws, entitled An Act for the better protection of the Lobster Fisheries."

In Committee Room 210, State House, Providence, on WEDNESDAY, March 2, 1911, at one o'clock p. m. upon the rising of the Senate. HENRY C. ANTHONY, Chairman. EARL H. PECKHAM, Clerk. 3-4-1w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

House of Representatives, Providence, March 2, 1911.

PUBLIC HEARING.

The Committee on Special Legislation of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in the bill entitled: "A Resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the State," (universal suffrage, no property qualification.)

In Committee Room 212, State House, Providence, on WEDNESDAY, March 2, 1911, upon the rising of the House. JOEL PECKHAM, Chairman. DAVID E. LAVIGNE, Clerk. 3-4-1w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Senate Chamber, Providence, March 3, 1911.

PUBLIC HEARING.

The Committee on Special Legislation of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in the bill entitled: "A Resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the State," (universal suffrage, no property qualification.)

In Committee Room 212, State House, Providence, on WEDNESDAY, March 3, 1911, upon the rising of the House. JOEL PECKHAM, Chairman. DAVID E. LAVIGNE, Clerk. 3-4-1w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Senate Chamber, Providence, March 3, 1911.

PUBLIC HEARING.

The Committee on Special Legislation of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in the bill entitled: "A Resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the State," (universal suffrage, no property qualification.)

In Committee Room 212, State House, Providence, on THURSDAY, March 3, 1911, at 1:30 o'clock p. m. JOHN P. SANBORN, Chairman. JOHN W. SWENEY, Clerk. 3-4-1w

Court of Probate, Middletown, February 29, 1911.

Estate of Sarah D. Chase. ALBERT L. CHASE, the Administrator of the estate of SARAH D. CHASE.

Widow, late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court his first and final account herewith and thereon prays that said account may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twentieth day of March next, A. D. 1911, at one o'clock p. m. and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury*.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk. 2-23-1w

Probate Clerk's Office, Middletown, R. I., February 22, A. D. 1911.

Estate of Mary Nevins Ball. JAMES O. BLAINE III, has this day filed in this office his petition in writing to the Court of Probate of said Middletown, praying that two certain instruments in writing, therewith filed, the one dated May 25, 1910, purporting to be the last will and testament of

MARY NEVINS BALL, late of said Middletown, deceased, and the other dated September 29, 1910, purporting to be a codicil to and part of said will and testament, may be proved and allowed, and letters testamentary issued to him as the sole Executor of said will.

And said petitioner has applied to me, to give due notice of the filing and pendency of his said petition according to law.

Notice is hereby given to all persons in any wise interested in said petition, that the same will be considered and acted upon, at the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twentieth day of March next, A. D. 1911, at one o'clock p. m.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk. 2-23-1w

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate. To be held at the law of Adel Larouche, and to all other persons interested in the premises:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by said Adel Larouche to Godfrey Cornell, dated May 14th, 1892, and recorded in Tiverton, County of Newport, State of Rhode Island, containing 617 thousand seven hundred thirty-five and 45/100 square feet of land and is bounded

Northerly by Walnut street, one hundred twelve and 2/100 feet to a corner; Easterly by land now or formerly of John F. Chase, sixty feet; Southerly by land now or formerly of William Higgins, one hundred twelve and 1/100 feet; and Westerly by the Malo coast, sixty feet, being the same premises conveyed to me by mortgagee's deed to be recorded herewith.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes and assessments whatsoever. Terms made known at time of sale.

WILLIAM H. B. ROSE, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage. 2-23-1w

the premises described in said mortgage deed as follows: One certain tract or parcel of land, together with the buildings and improvements thereon, situate in Tiverton, County of Newport, State of Rhode Island, containing 617 thousand seven hundred thirty-five and 45/100 square feet of land and is bounded

Northerly by Walnut street, one hundred twelve and 2/100 feet to a corner; Easterly by land now or formerly of John F. Chase, sixty feet; Southerly by land now or formerly of William Higgins, one hundred twelve and 1/100 feet; and Westerly by the Malo coast, sixty feet, being the same premises conveyed to me by mortgagee's deed to be recorded herewith.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes and assessments whatsoever. Terms made known at time of sale.

WILLIAM H. B. ROSE, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage. 2-23-1w

Lawyer Brown—So I called the judge a liar. Lawyer Jones—And then what did you say? Lawyer Brown—Thirty days—Toled. Blade.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED having been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the creditors of the estate of HAROLD A. ROSE, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, hereby give notice that three weeks from the 8th day of February, are allowed to said creditors to bring in their claims and prove their debts; and that they will meet at residence of Ray B. Lewis, in said New Shoreham, on the 25th and 26th days of February, 1911, at 3 o'clock p. m., on each of these days, for the purpose aforesaid. RAY B. LEWIS, JOHN R. PAYNE, WILLIAM C. RANDS, Commissioners. 2-11-1w

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, February 16th, 1911. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of ANNIE E. MARTIN, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof. PATRICK H. O'NEILL, 2-16-1w

IT'S IT.

Cheapest and Best Will not leak. Water-tight and Airtight. Waterproof and fireproof. Requires no coating for many years. Coated both sides, won't rot underneath. Can be used on steep or flat roofs. Can be applied over old roofs. Elastic and Pliable. Fire-Resisting.

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